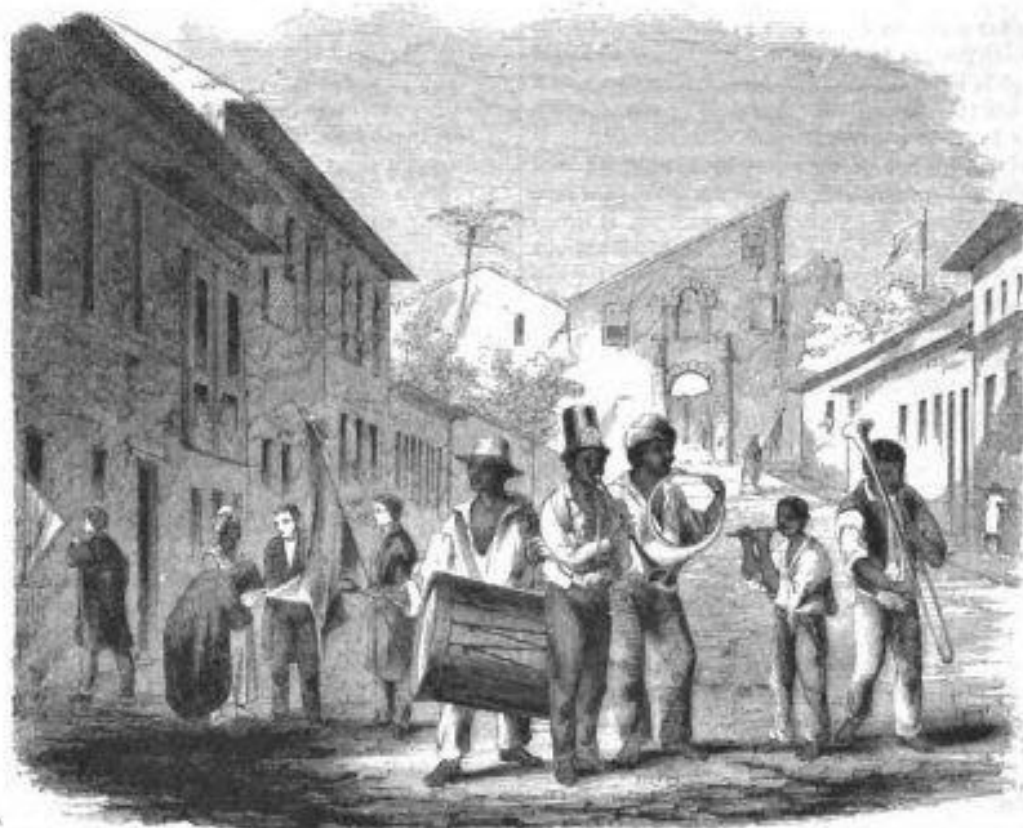


—MAY, 1855.—



COLLECTING ALMS FOR THE HOLY GHOST.

## SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

### FESTA OF THE HOLY GHOST.

**F**ORTY days after Lent the most popular of the Brazilian festivals takes place—that of the Holy Ghost. It is celebrated for several days, in the Lapa, Rita, and Santa Anna churches—three competing establishments. Each has sent out a band of collectors, who, for five weeks, will canvass and recanvass the city, suburbs, and surrounding country. They have already visited the shipping in the bay, with their cry, “*Es-molas para Espirito Santo!*” Musicians always attend them; commonly negroes. The Lapa troop is composed of white barbers, who to a man are reputed as expert handlers of violins and bugles as of lancets and razors. They are hired at a higher rate than their sable brethren.

The first time my attention was called to

them I was engaged in writing, when Dofia H—— came running up stairs, to urge me to descend. “Quick! Here’s the Holy Ghost coming up the Cattete. Don’t you want to see him?” I am sure no one could be more startled at such an announcement than I was, nor at the unaffected simplicity with which it was made. I went down, and looking out of the open window, asked, Where? “Gone into that venda” (a grocery, half a block off), “but will be out directly,” replied half a dozen voices. In a little while a negro band, consisting of two French horns, three drums, a clarionet, and a fife, emerged, and recommenced a waltzing air in the middle of the street. Next appeared four white men, in red albs over their ordinary dress. Two had small crimson banners, on each of which was a figure of a dove in a triangle. Another bore a little silver bird on a stand resembling a chamber candlestick. Like the banner-men, he

also carried an alms-dish. The fourth bore a capacious bag.

The minstrels, except when they leave it—as just now—to take a drink, keep the middle of the street, and regulate their steps to the progress of the alb-men on the side walks; now creeping, anon standing, and then dashing onward; the music rising with their motions. The collectors call at every house, but have occasion to knock at few, as the music draws the inmates out. Yonder a lady is throwing back a pair of latticed blinds; a banner-man flies over, and burying for a moment her face in the flag, she adds a contribution to his dish. Next door a cluster of girls have got the little bird among them, and return it with *vintems*. A neighbor now takes a flag in, that every member of his family may perform an act of devotion by kissing it; and there, a Mozambique fruit-woman bathes her face in its folds—her offering, two oranges, is dropped into the bag, the receptacle of donations other than money—no, not for all such, for the musicians have now come up, and, as I live, the clarionet player carries a live rooster under his left arm, the gift, probably, of some dealer in poultry. Of course it would not do to put it among eggs, bread, fruit, and kindred quiet things. Nothing is refused, from bank bills to a banana, or half a yard of ribbon as a streamer for a banner staff.

It is our turn now: one of the embroidered treasures comes in at the window; all the ladies save one shrink from it, but old Senora P—— gives it the kiss of reverence. In her zeal, poor soul, and under the popular belief that it is a powerful charm, she used it far too much like a pocket handkerchief, rubbing her eyes, face, neck, and bosom with it. I now perceived that every Romanist female does not care to become too intimate with such things; and on a subsequent day I both saw and felt the cause. The central part of one I myself took in was stained and stiff with grease, perhaps the accumulation of years from perspiring faces, black and white. Pompey took the oleaginous ensign to the kitchen, that Chica, the old black cook, might wipe her face with it.

The troop now passed on. The minstrels struck up a fresh air that set young feet a-tripping. The rooster actually crowed an accompaniment. How the negro managed to carry it without its interfering with the free use of his fingers was strange. Before he came up I thought he was playing on bagpipes. Independent of the exhilarating fife and drum, and rousing trumpets, the scene is a stirring one. The collectors, with their banners fluttering over their heads, and their albs streaming behind them, are running hither and thither, crossing and recrossing the street as devotees appear at windows and door-hatches; while their brethren with the little bird and bag are as busy answering calls made on them.

Specimens of the official advertisements from the daily papers are subjoined:

"The Board of the Brotherhood of the Divine Holy

Ghost of the Parish of St. Anna participates to the respectable public that the Feast of the Divine Holy Ghost will begin on the 31st inst.; St. Bartholomew's on the 1st proximo (June); and that of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on the 2d of June, with all splendor and religious pomp compatible with the means and zeal of the administrators. On the third day of the Feast of the Holy Ghost there will be fire-works, such as have never before been exhibited, and superior from their magnitude and novelty of their mechanism. On Sunday, June 7, the Emperor elect of the Holy Ghost will take possession, which act will be followed with a Te Deum and sermon. At night there will be the Empire and the Auction. We beg the brethren and the pious to concur, with their alms and their presence, to make more brilliant acts so worthy of our religious regard.

"JOSE J. G. FERREIRA, Secy."

The Emperor is a boy elected annually, and crowned in the church. His "empire" is a portion of ground adjoining the church, and fenced in for spectators, including the stage erected against the church, on which he sits enthroned, to preside over the auction and amusements. Formerly an Empress of the Holy Ghost sat by the Emperor, with little maids of honor to wait on her. Such is still the practice in the interior.

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of the Convent of Friars of the Carmo, in the Lapa do Desterro, inform the public and devout persons, that on the 22d inst. begins the *Novena* of the Ritual, and on the 31st the Feast of the Holy Ghost. On the 1st proximo the Feast of our Lord of the Paces; and on the 22d, that of St. Anna and St. Joaquim—all of which will be celebrated with appropriate magnificence. Every night there will be music and an auction. On the last one, beautiful fireworks."

"The Chairman and Directors of the Divine Holy Ghost of the parish of St. Rita inform the respectable public that to-day, 22d inst., will begin, with much pomp and decency, the *Novena* and Auction. They hope the brethren and the pious will contribute, by their presence and their alms, to the brilliancy of the Feast."

I thought of accepting this last invitation, but F—— said, "It is a long way to go, and there will be a poor sale to-night. Wait till the great day of the feast; then almost every person sends a present to the Holy Ghost, and there will be a *Bom Leilão*—a good auction." After tea, however, I felt inclined for a walk, and bent my steps to the city by lamplight. Calling at T——'s, Messrs. C—— and M—— readily joined with me in a visit to the neighboring shrine of Santa Rita. A day view of this old structure and the adjoining fountain is subjoined. To have been in character with our visit, it should have been a night scene.

As we drew near, the church tower was seen decked with colored lamps, and the white front red as blood with the glare of flambeaus in the little triangular largo. The scene which then burst on us was more suited to the suburbs of Tartarus than the court-yard of a heavenly lady. Nine young negro-heads, soaked in tar and tallow, and stuck on poles let into the pavement, were blazing before the church, amidst the shouts and laughter of a crowd of men and boys, both black and white. The air was suffused with smoke, whose dense curling volumes appeared white in the universal darkness overhead—the sickening odor, hissings and spurtings of bursting blisters, the grinning visages of the restless throng—now lost to sight, and anon lit up with fire, as the wind affected the flames. There is



CHURCH OF SANTA RITA.

but one place which such a scene could call to mind. But lest the reader should denounce the goddess of the place a she-Moloch, delighting in roasted skulls, he is informed that the festival torches—"Cabeças de Moleques"—are spherical masses of oakum saturated with pitch and kindred matters.

We passed into the fane, between two armed soldiers at the door. Hung round with showy tapestry, it was brilliantly lit up. The Lady's altar was a sheet of light. At a table on the floor sat a committee in albs, bartering "blessed pictures" for *vintems* and *patacas*. There were three qualities and sizes—quarto, octavo, and duodecimo. When a contribution was laid down, the chairman, eying it, spoke to the brother at his right, who then drew from a drawer a print of the proper value, while the treasurer, at his left, added the money to a pile on a silver tray. As usual at festivals, two centurions, with fixed bayonets, stood by to

guard the treasure. Senhor M— procured for me one of the paper gems; printed in red ink, it represents a dove and triangle within a nimbus, and over them an old man, with a long beard, looking out of a cloud.

After looking round awhile, we crossed the floor and passed—as did most of the visitors—through an open door into an adjoining apartment, and found ourselves in a crowd. The room was long and narrow, and the benches on both sides jammed with men and boys. Against the left wall sat three brethren in official robes, and before them a table, upon which stood, between three-branched candlesticks, one of the portable symbols of the Holy Ghost carried by street collectors. Between the benches a short brother, in a crimson alb, was walking to and fro, and addressing the congregation with perspiring fervor. Every moment he kept applying a handkerchief to his streaming forehead. As he drew near I perceived that he was descanting on a

sugared cake which he held up on a salver. We were in Santa Rita's auction room, and this gentleman was her salesman. The cake was knocked down—the purchaser handed a bill to the auctioneer, who hurried to the table and returned with the change and a small print—such as were being disposed of in the church—every purchaser at the auction receiving one gratis.

Several large frosted cakes were put up, but the sale dragged heavily. The salesman was far from being No. One in the profession—he lacked volubility and wit. A laugh was now and then elicited, but seldom by his own jokes. He was much annoyed by young fellows predisposed to fun, and determined to enjoy it—they tried his temper severely. There was, in truth, something about him that whetted humorous appetites, as he came puffing along, holding up the salver to every face that looked like a buying one, and repeating, with a supplicatory tone and look, "*Hum milreis—hum milreis—hum milreis, Senhor.*" His head, half isolated from his body by the alb, and nearly denuded of hair, with his glistening face, was incessantly drawn this way and that by bids which he could find none to acknowledge. At length a quiet-looking young man made an offer, and was declared the purchaser. The article was handed to him—and, lo! he had no money! The enraged knight of the hámmer seized him by the collar, and led him to the managers at the table amidst roars of laughter. As he had no means of payment, nothing could be done but to reprove him and let him go. A gentleman took the lot and paid for it—or, rather, exchanged money for it.

Nothing sacred is *sold*, only exchanged. We, of course, would consider these transactions "cash sales;" for the terms are cash on delivery, and delivery immediately.

Every eye was again turned to the recess or niche behind the-managers, to see what next would be brought out, as pastry was evidently becoming dull. An officer, in a black gown and white tippet, who seemed to have charge of the goods, handed forth something, which the chairman no sooner passed across the table than there arose such a "clucking!" It was a live hen. Grasped by the thighs it appeared to sit quite comfortably on the auctioneer's hand. It was struck off at fifty cents; double its market value. Next came a superb white chanticleer—the signal of a general crowing and clapping of elbows in imitation of wings. One or two young men were natural ventriloquists; the cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-ing came in at the street door, then out of the church, and anon was under the managers' table! The merriment was universal. The fluttering bird brought 1260 reis.

A large custard was now tried, and the buyer turned out to be the one that had no money: he said he would call to-morrow for it! This gave rise to a general screech, and led to a scuffle between the bidder and the bantered salesman. The dispute was ended by a higher bid; but when the article was offered to the new bidder, he said it was too hard baked, and would not take it! The vender became furious; but recovering himself, he said it was too hard for such fellows' teeth—meaning too costly for their pockets. The fillip was applauded, and the lit-



AUCTION IN SANTA RITA'S CHURCH.



the man, tickled with the hit, threw back his head, and laughed louder and longer than any one else.

He next brought round a folded paper and put it up, contents unknown. He refused to break the envelope, or say what the contents were. It brought 300 reis, and proved to be cold roast-chicken. Three "*Macacis Americana*" (Newtown pippins) brought thirteen cents each. A lady informs me she has known fifty milreis, or twenty-five dollars, given for an apple at this feast—the competitors showing in this way their attachment to the Church. Other matters were put up; but I got tired, and left the auctioneer trying a large plum-cake, over the frosted top of which he kept drawing his hand, as if stroking the back of a pet bird or rabbit.

Most of the articles sold at these ecclesiastical auctions are purchased at wholesale prices by the managers, and thus retailed at profits varying from 50 to 500 per cent.—the donations brought in by collectors not being sufficient, nor always suitable. One of the best specimens of the salesman's eloquence is the following scrap, translated by an accompanying friend:

"Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five vintems for this blessed cake; blessed by the Holy Father Xavier Maria Luiz Oliveiro. Who bids more? Thirty—Ah! the good-will of Our Lady be with you, my friend. Forty are bid!—only forty vintems for food which will purge all diseases lurking in him that eats it. The saints befriend you, Senhor. Forty-five! Who is the next bidder? Who? Forty-five! Allelulia! Fifty vintems are bid—it is enough—and" taking the money "may your victuals be always as sweet as you'll find this, Senhor!"

No females were present. Though respectable families are invited, it was obviously no place for ladies. One of my companions belonged to the Church, and, in answer to my inquiries, said the place was wholly unfit for respectable females to appear in. Of this evening entertainments the following puff was inserted in one of the daily papers:

"MR. EDITOR—The auction of the Divine Holy Ghost, in Santa Rita, to be continued to the 3d *proximo*, is very interesting. The select company that assembles there, the order and decorum with which the auction is conducted, reflect credit on the provider and managers. Permit me to invite, through your columns, all devotees of the Miraculous Holy Ghost to attend, with their families, in order to increase the brilliancy of this devotional exercise.  
Um Devoto."

The same paper had the following notice to sporting devotees:

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Gonçalo (a small village across the bay) will hold the Feast of the Holy Ghost on the 31st instant with all possible splendor. Devout persons are invited to attend, to give greater pomp to this act of religion. On the 1st *proximo* the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, with a procession in the evening, a Te Deum, and sermon. On the 2d, the Feast of the patron San Gonçalo; at three P. M., there will be brilliant horse-racing, after which a Te Deum and magnificent fire-works."

As I shall not have an opportunity to pay a visit to Gonçalo, I may as well remark here that

he is a popular friend of Portuguese and Brazilian elderly single ladies. Young ones invoke him too, but in a petulant spirit. Their staple address is:

"San Gonçalo of Amarante,  
Match-maker for old women!  
Why don't you marry young ones?  
What harm have they done you?"

The Carmelites at the Lapa Church surpassed St. Rita's managers in external display. The front of the place was covered with festoons of colored lamps, cords stretched from the roof across the street bearing flags and tapestries. A handsomely draped stage for the auction was fitted up at one side of the doorway, and at the other a band of musicians sat. A fifty-foot mast, painted red, bore "the flag of the Holy Ghost." The fire-works were not confined to blazing skulls of negroes; for on high poles were secured other victims—men and women—who, like those at an *auto da fé*, were waiting to be consumed. But after all, the festival was not very attractive during day or night. The auctioneer had neither tact nor wit, so that his sales dragged most heavily. He and the musicians performed alternately. The board of managers, I understand, were sensible of the deficiencies of their salesman, but knew not where to get a better. The poorest of artists he was; to use a native proverb: "a John Lopez—neither vinegar, honey, nor Malmsey wine—nothing."

All concede that the brotherhood of Santa Anna bears off the palm. This church stands on one side of the Campo, a wide, open square, and is represented in the following illustration; the flag-staff and flag of the Holy Ghost in front, a portion of the pyrotechnic poles with figures mounted on them, the auctioneer and empire fenced in, etc. Before noticing them, let us glance at the establishments of lay-showmen, who are always welcomed here by their ecclesiastical brethren: both parties being mutual aids to each other. Here are

"1. *The beautiful Dog of the North*—the Phoenix of Europe. Madame Neif has the honor of requesting ladies and gentlemen to attend early to enjoy the brilliant spectacle of 'The beautiful Dog of the North,' as she can remain only a short time. The exhibition is in one of the tents in the Campo of Santa Anna, every evening during the Feast of the Holy Ghost.

"2. *Theatro Magico*. Phantasmagoria and natural magic.

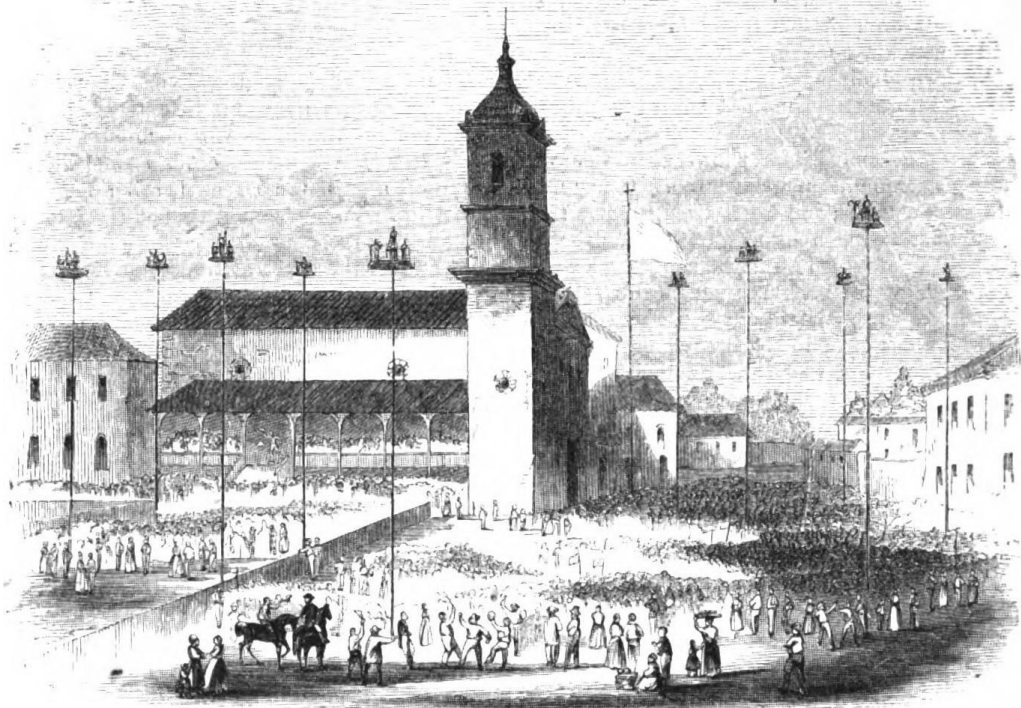
"3. *Theatro do Bom Gusto*. Posture-making, tumbling, lifting weights.

"4. *Tourinhos Mechanicos*. Punch and Judy and other puppets.

"5. *Trabalhos* (feats) *do Senhor Otto Motti*."

The precocious poodle of the advertisement was a gamester, a canine *roulé*; he played at cards, spelled out ladies' names, and did many other wonderful things.

There were three more booths, in one of which sword-swallowing and drawing ribbons from the mouth were the chief feats, except that the performers rinsed their parched throats with fire. In another were ground and lofty tumbling with rope-dancing.



FEAST OF THE HOLY GHOST AT SANTA ANNA'S CHURCH.

The feast opened on Sunday, the last day of May. It was dark before I reached the place. The illuminated tower and steeple of the church sparkled in the distance as with strings and wreaths of diamonds. Bengola and other lights were streaming upward, and inverted cones of rockets—a dozen from one stick—were every few moments sent aloft; while bombs exploded with reports loud as from the heaviest ordnance; the church-bells pealed away, the drums, cymbals, and trumpets of the showmen helped them. Opposite the show-booths were others for the sale of wines, cigars, pies, and other refreshments. One poetical proprietor informed visitors, in the following verse, that his place contained every thing that could be wished for by those who love to taste and suck good things:

"Quem bons potiscos  
Quizar chucar,  
Pessa que tudo  
Selhe ha de dar."

Avenues were formed by colored women seated on the grass, each with a basket of fruit, cakes, or doces, lit up with a paper lantern. Here were "Holy Ghost rusks," gingerbread, and scores of other articles thus designated, being stamped with a dove in honor of the festival. The noise, bustle, and excitement of the scene made a perfect Bartholomew Fair. The ground was alive with people, who kept moving hither and thither like a colony of ants in commotion.

But let us turn to the church, and try to get through the crowds in front of the stage erected against one side of it, and communicating with its interior. This stage is very artistically got up. At each end an angel holds a lamp, while chandeliers, vases, and blue and crimson tapestry enlighten and decorate the whole. "The Emperor of the Holy Ghost," seated on a throne, presides, and really acts the part to admiration. The little fellow is about ten years old: he wears a crown; a wide frill adorns his neck and rests on an ermine tippet; his coat, vest, small clothes with strings at the knees, white stockings, and buckled shoes are those of adults two centuries ago. When crowned, he sits at the altar till his chaplain performs mass. The board of managers and a number of ladies are sitting near him. The band is playing a lively air, and see! the little monarch points with his gilt sceptre to a side-stand—a signal for one of his secretaries to hand him a paper of sugar-plums. He wears "the sash of the order of Christ."

There is probably some alliance between these juvenile monarchs and the "Boy Bishops" of the middle ages.

Soon as the music ceased, out sprang the auctioneer, dressed in motley! A young man of twenty-five or six, a genuine droll—a Brazilian Grimaldi. In disposing of a large rusk his antics elicited shrieks of approbation. After disposing of several more, and handing to each

purchaser, with the change, a sacred print, he disappeared, and in a twinkling reappeared in a striped close-fitting dress like harlequin's, with bells sewed on the front and side seams. Making a profound reverence to the Emperor, he introduced, in a comic dance, a large white rooster to



THE AUCTIONEER.

the audience. Holding it in a natural position by its legs, he made it scream by pulling down the tail feathers, and soon knocked it down to a laughing buyer, with a fine rich woodcut of a dove in a triangle thrown in. A quick broker, he put the first bid on himself, and struck off the lots at the first or second advance. He kept the company in the best of tempers, and there was no putting a joke upon him. Some one attempted this when he took hold of his



THE GENERAL.

"silver quizzing-glass," which hung by a ribbon low as his knees, and applying it to his eye, thrust his whole face through it. It was an open ring cut out of a sheet of tin. His postures and his manner of using it were irresistible.

Retiring, he came out next in the worn-out dress of a general with enormous epaulets, and performed a comic dance, the music accompanying him. With every change of the step he changed the figure of his magic hat. One moment a regular *chapeau de bras*, the next a Bishop's mitre; now a Phrygian bonnet; now a Quaker's castor; anon an inverted truncated cone; and last of all, a perfect cone with asses ears, in which form he fell to business, and disposed of, in quick succession, fowls, pigeons, pies, rusks, custards, and confectionery. To find a bidder, he occasionally used his mammoth eye-glass. After disposing of a dozen pair of pigeons, the musicians played a popular overture; and thinking I had seen enough, I turned to leave, when a sudden shout announced his reappearance. He was in a white and scarlet dress, mounted on high stilts, and danced a polka on them to perfection. With a hen in one hand and his eye-glass in the other, he



AUCTIONEER ON STILTS.

placed his arms a-kimbo and in other positions. Without hesitation he came down eight or ten steps into the "empire," and traversed it for bids, stalking among the crowd like a heron or flamingo among penguins. For fun and drollery no actor among the showmen could surpass him. He had one drawback. His voice was hoarse and cracked.

Before I left he appeared in a night-gown and night-cap, which last he changed into various standard coverings for the head, and generally by hitting some one with it. The worst thing about him was his cruel treatment of the fowls and pigeons, which he whirled and jerked about him without the least regard to their sufferings. The latter suffered in silence, while the screechings of the former added to the general merriment. He is said to be a professional buffoon, employed by this church on its chief festivals.

**Fire-works.** In pyrotechnics Brazilian artists are, I suppose, equal to those of any country, China perhaps excepted. While they excel in staple "*fogos*," they have a variety which, though of ancient date, I have seen nowhere else. Admitting of endless applications, and opening a new field for our artists, a few specimens from this exhibition may as well be given. But first let us read the official announcement:

"*Espirito Santo de Santa Anna.* This evening, June 2, will be given, if the weather permits, a grand display of artificial fire-works, of every variety and color—all made by the famous artist Bernardino José da Cunha. The attention of the respectable public is solicited. All are invited to enjoy the spectacle, and at the same time view the Empire, which is fitted up in a style surpassing that of previous years."

Here were forty poles varying from twenty-five to fifty feet in height. Against some were fixed wheels, wheels within wheels, suns, moons, stars, cones, polygons, vases, baskets, and forms various as produced by a kaleidoscope. A row of splendid archways of fire arose, and over them, in words of flame, "*Louvoures ao Divino Espirito Santo.*" But these are more or less akin to similar things with us. It was the human figures on the top of the poles, and the movements imparted to them, that constituted the novelty.

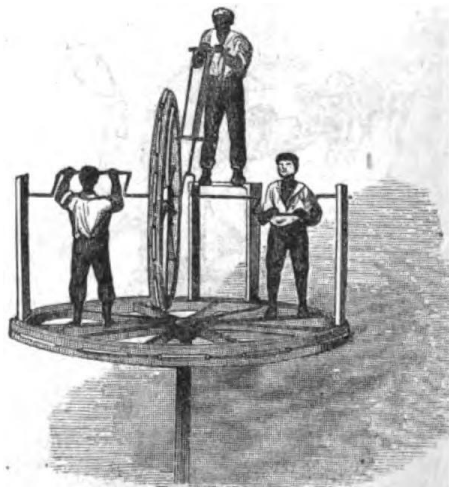
They were as large as life, dressed in character, and so well got up, that at a short distance all might be taken for living persons. A few feet off, the illusion was very strong. They represented barbers, razor-grinders, wood-sawyers, tumblers, rope-dancers, ladies, and ladies' maids, etc., etc. The ablest tailors and mantua-makers could not have dressed them better. Workmen wore roundabouts and caps; gentlemen were in blue coats, striped pants, and black neckcloths. The barber's shirt bosom was figured, the collars projected fashionably, and his cravat was tied *à la mode*; he wore white jacket and pants, an apron and highly polished shoes, with a razor in his hand, and a comb behind his ear. One lady is dressed in spotted pink, with frills, sash, kid gloves, and every thing else to correspond. She is ready for a pirouette when the general dance

begins. Had I not examined one or two before they were raised from the ground, I could hardly have believed that all of them, their silk hats and bonnets, coats, vests, polished boots, fine linen, leather caps, vails, muslin de laines, etc., were nothing more than *colored paper*, supported on delicate wire frames; the faces were masks.



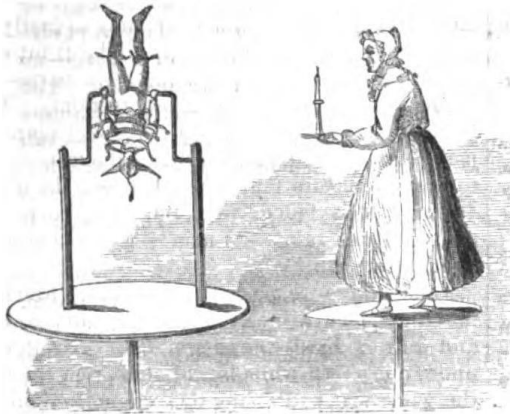
RAZOR-GRINDER.

A slight reference to the mechanism by which motion was imparted to them will be sufficient. The base on which each figure stands is a horizontal wheel, some ten feet over. Its axis coincides with that of the pole, upon which it is made slowly to turn by a band of small rockets going round its periphery. Suppose on the upper side of one of these wheels two upright posts, supporting the ends of a horizontal crank-shaft, on which is a small vertical wheel. Imagine a man standing on one foot on the larger wheel and the other foot on the crank, and you have one form of the popular razor-grinder. He appears to turn the wheel with his foot, and holding the instrument to the surface, a stream of fire flies from it as from a dry grindstone.



WOOD-SAWYER.

The movements of the wood-sawyer and the rest were produced in the same or in a similar



TUMBLER.

CHAMBER-MAID.

way. At ten P. M. the display began, and continued till twelve. The place was as light as day with artificial flames. On one pole two gentlemen raised their hats and bowed to each other; close by them, a chamber-maid waited with a candle in her hand to show them to their apartments. A lady on another moved her hands, as if to join them to a dandy on a neighboring pole, and whirled away in a cotillion. A tumbler stuck fast in a summerset, and remained in an inverted position to the close, when, with the rest, he vanished in a flash—not an atom of him left. The wood-sawyer and his African assistants worked away; I was afraid his arms would be jerked from his body. The razor-grinder's wheel flew round, and his foot rose and fell with the treddle at a preternatural rate. Occasionally his grindstone lacked moisture, and then he spat jets of liquid fire on it; his face glistening with sweat or varnish. While admiring his ardor I felt a slight movement at my coat pocket. It was picked. Five seconds had not elapsed since I felt my pocket-book in it. Turning quickly round, my eyes met those of two young fellows looking innocent as doves. One of them had it. They had, I presume, seen me take it out repeatedly. It contained only memoranda and sketches—chiefly of the auctioneer and empire. I had been often reminded of pickpockets at the feast, and had no money or watch about me.

Having a long walk before me, I left ere half the figures on the poles were in motion. In passing the Lapa Church I observed mechanical devices resembling windlasses or wheel-work in motion on a few poles. Over an illumined doorway an angel unfolds a scroll, exposing the words "*Gloria ao Divino Espirito Santo.*" The auctioneer was inviting bids for a fowl; his audience were chiefly negroes and low fellows. T—— told me he stopped a moment in passing, and that the language of the dull brute was abominably indecent.

The fête was kept up by the Santa Anna Church for eight days. On the last day the Emperor for the next year was elected. The same boy was chosen. He is the son of an apothecary, who is fond of the honor, which costs him five hundred dollars a year—so it is said.

The concluding official advertisements were as follows:

"It is communicated to the respectable public, and to the brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of Santa Anna, that on Sunday, 7th inst., there will be celebrated a Te Deum and Sermon, when the re-elected Emperor will take possession. At night the Auction and Emptre.

"J. J. GOMES FERRERIA, Secy."

"*Divino Espirito Santo de Santa Anna*: On Sunday, 7th, the ceremony of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost taking possession will occur on the afternoon, with a Te Deum and Music. Signorina Cardiani [an Italian Cantatrice] and other artistes will perform gratis. The Empire will be illuminated at night. There will be an Auction, Music, and splendid Fire-works."

In the same paper the booth and showmen advertise their attractions. On the evening of the 7th the Campo was in my way home from Mataporcos. The auctioneer wore a court dress, his hair powdered, a long queue, etc. He was in high glee—sold a basket of fowls and pigeons in no time. I left him dancing a polka on stilts. The Italian performers had got through their parts before I arrived. The showmen were doing a good business. The wide steps to one booth, where "the diverting scene of the monkey in a sack" was announced, gave way under the crowds waiting for admission.

Of tradesmen's advertisements relating to festivals the annexed is a sample:

"*Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit*: In Silversmith Street, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in gold, with glories, at 80 cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at 40 cents. Silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at 64 dollars per hundred; do., without glories, 34 dollars. Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, at 75 cents per hundred."

#### SAINT GEORGE.

Corpus Christi is a great day with Romanists every where. Here the Emperor, his court, senators, and soldiers, join in the procession. It is the only occasion on which *St. George* appears in public. Mounted on his charger, he, in his official character of "Defender of the Empire," takes the precedence. Prince and people walk behind him. As the Church's champion he heads her squadrons too. Not having been so fortunate as to find the door of his residence once open during repeated visits, I must attend, if only to become acquainted with a character so popular with Protestants and Papists as this chief of dragon-killers.

The morning papers announced that "The Board of Directors of the Brotherhood of the Glorious St. George invite the brethren to attend at his chapel at 9 A. M., to accompany him in the Procession of the Body of God. The Image will pass through Theatre Square, Piolho, and Cadeia streets, to the Imperial Chapel, and return through Dereita, Alfandega, and Fogo streets, to his chapel in Rue do Lampadoza."

The Brotherhoods generally are notified in the papers. The Capuchins advertise "a rich canopy and custodia (a cupboard for the Host), lately arrived from Rome." It is to be exposed for veneration to-morrow at their establishment on Castle Hill for the first time. Other professors are on the alert. The showmen in the



Campo offer the following attractions. I quote the *Diario*:

"In the Barraca of Good Taste there will be an extraordinary Divertissement on the day of the Body of God.

"In the Theatro Magico, a Representation in Three Parts: Part 1. *The Passion of our Lord*, viz., The Birth—St. Joseph—Garden of Olives—Holy Magdalen—The Tortures—St. Peter—Our Lord of the Paces—St. George—The Crucifixion—St. John Baptist—The Resurrection—The Holy Virgin. Part 2. *Cosmorama View*. Part 3. *Diverting Phantasmagoria*: The Sorcerer—Flying Death's Head—The Parisian Galatea—The Changed Head—Don Quixote—Walking Woman—Garden of Love and The Monster. To conclude with

"THREE CATS DANCING THE POLKA."

Of religious plays and interludes by which this day was celebrated in the middle ages, "The Passion of our Lord" was one; The Creation, Deluge, Susannah, Dives and Lazarus, Burial of Christ, and scores taken neither from the Old Testament nor the New, were others. Even the whiskered artists are not wholly novel, though the part assigned them may be. They were anciently made to act an easier part in France. At Aix, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tom-cat of the country, wrapt in swaddling clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration.

The day is not designated, as with us, *Corpus Christi*, but "*Corpo de Deos*," and is celebrated, in the language of the Calendars, "By a solemn procession of the *Body of God*, with the assistance of their Imperial Majesties and court." Under the date of the 14th inst., "Procession of the *Body of God* in the parishes of St. José and Candelaria." On the 21st inst., "Festival and procession of the *Body of God* in the parishes of St. Rita, St. Anna, and the Gloria," etc. This is the uniform language of the Church and people, though it sounds strange in ears not used to it.

The streets were thronged with people hoping against hope; for the sky was lowering. The early morning promised a splendid day. The Corcovado, in verdant vesture, and set off with the bright ethereal ground behind him, reared his head in glorious relief, as if he, too, had donned his best in honor of the festival, and was waiting for it to begin. Within an hour he shrunk out of sight; for the smiling heavens put on a face of sorrow, and at length burst into tears. A drizzling rain set in, and continued with little intermission through the day.

As St. George is the only saint that goes through the streets on horseback, and that only once a year, I determined, notwithstanding the unpromising weather, to call upon him. Reaching his shabby quarters in the Rua Lampadoza—a poor neighborhood—I found a troop of cavalry in front, waiting to escort him to the Imperial chapel in Dreiheita Street, where the Emperor, ministers of state, the legislature, judges, provincial governors, and the elite of the army and the church were ready to receive him. A native of the East, his fane reminds one of Arabian palaces with exteriors indicative of poverty's abodes. Here is neither steeple, tower, nor clock; no vestibule, railings, steps, nor even flagging, to separate its precincts from the com-

mon carriage-way, so that a cart may as easily be turned in it as round the corner. The front elevation resembles the gable-end of a barn—no higher, wider, and hardly more tasteful. The sill is, of any thing, below the wet and clammy pavement. All things look mean about it—even to the red curtain that hangs between the door-jambs. It is faded, worn out, and borrowed from a sister saint—"Luzia"—whose name is wrought on it.

Like others we push it aside, and entering, find the place a mean one; the walls rough, and rafters bare, the damp floor giving way under one's feet, while bits of old carpet covered the worst spots. Passing by a committee busily employed in "exchanging" penny portraits of the saint for milreis brought in by devotees, we discover George himself, standing in full dress against the wall, waiting for the weather to clear up. Females crowd to kiss his hand, courtesy to him, and some sit down in front to admire him. He wears a plumed helmet, a cambric tippet frilled round his neck, a crimson tunic with skirts reaching to his knees, black leggins or boots, with large spurs; his feet are already in the stirrups, which are attached to his thighs instead of the saddle. He grasps a shield in one hand, and a baton in the other. A mantle lies ready to throw over him when mounted. A short sword is at his waist, and muslin frills at his wrists. His stature is that of an ordinary sized soldier, but his ruddy, smooth face, without beard, whiskers, or mustache, is not much like a warrior's. His horse is in a neighboring stable. His helmet, corselet, and armlets, were of pasteboard, colored in imitation of steel; the shield was made of tin-plate.

At two P. M., no signs of the weather improving, the troops, including the mounted guard of honor to the saint, were dismissed, and the procession given up. I called at the Imperial chapel on my way home, and found it crowded. Two rows of Imperial halbardiers, extending from the entrance to the altar, had just formed a clear passage for a miniature procession. The organ was playing and eunuchs singing, and so foul was the air that two negroes dropped and were borne out as dead. I found it impossible to remain in five minutes without approaching the door for fresh air. The programme was at length arranged: first came chanting eunuchs, the brotherhood with candles, priests, and canons; the Body of God under a canopy; the emperor with a lighted candle; ministers of state and others, with their sons in court costumes, strongly reminding one of Tom Thumbs in morris dances. Then followed the guard with their burnished spears. In this order the whole passed three times up and down the floor, and so wound up the official ceremonies of the day.

I subsequently called with a friend on the "Defender of the Brazilian Empire," and was not a little surprised to find him stowed away in a dark closet, and stripped as clean as if a troop of Ishmaelites or Camanches had met him. He had not a rag to his back. As his

equestrian attitudes required something more than a stiff statue, I now saw how the positions of his limbs were varied. He was sitting on a trestle, and is made, in all respects, like a jointed doll. His present charger, a present from the Emperor, the sacristan denounces as "a wicked beast," for dishonoring the saint last year by kicking and shying, so that but for Our Lady's aid, he would have been thrown to the ground! The image is an old one, of hard and heavy wood; its weight about 300 or 350 pounds. It is always mounted in the church. One horse was trained to kneel till it was properly adjusted to the saddle.

In reply to a remark about the saint's nudity, the zealous sacristan almost shed tears while telling us that the church was too poor to buy him any clothing. "We contract," said he, "with an armador to dress him on his festival, and that is all we can do." It was suggested that, as Defender of the Country, he was as much entitled to army-pay as Saint Antony. "Si, senhor." It was a national shame to leave him thus neglected—"Si, si, senhor"—adding, "In Lisbon the saint receives the salary of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and his chapel there is very rich."

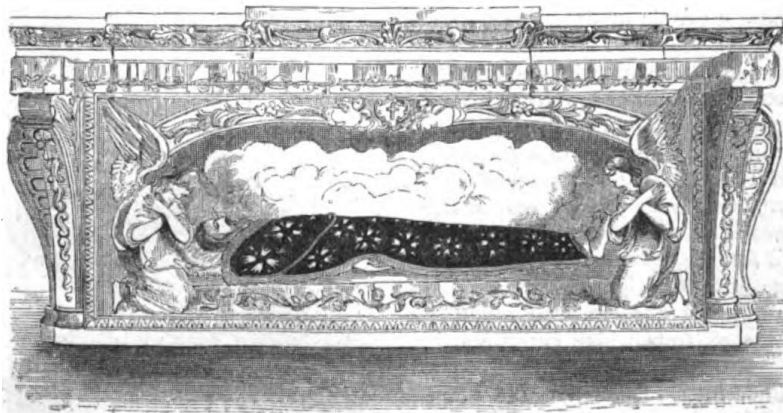
#### THE BURIAL OF GOD.

"The Burial of God" was celebrated in two or three parishes on subsequent days. I witnessed a portion of the proceedings of each. Passing the Candelaria Church I entered and found it thronged. The panel front of Our Lady's altar was removed, exposing "a Dead Christ" within, as represented below. I got up to the place as a gentleman, who had just saluted the image, arose and drew back. A negro girl dropped on her hands and knees, crept to it, and repeatedly kissed the hand, showing, meanwhile, the soles of her muddied feet to every eye. She rises, drops a vintem into a mammoth silver salver, overflowing with coin and bills—courtesies, and retires. Two white lads, ragged and dirty as clam-boys, speak a few words to each other, cross themselves, fall on their knees, and creep forward together; one waits till the other salutes the hand, and then wriggles himself forward to take his turn; each drops in

a vintem. Next comes a lady with a female slave behind her; drops on her knees, and for half a minute prays and crosses herself, rises, drops some vintems, and goes away. She won't kiss the hand on which so many black mouths have been rubbed—and she is right, for I've seen enough diseases on black faces here to justify her.

I was about to leave, when a feeble and purblind old *negra* crept forward to the feet; putting in her head, she pressed her lips to them a dozen times. Then turning to the hand, she fondled it, kissed it, laid her left cheek on it, then her right one, then drew both sides of her face over it, and again rested them on the open palm. She seemed unwilling to give place to others waiting. I think some one gave her a hint, for she reluctantly rose, put a copper acknowledgment in the salver, courtesied three times down to the floor, and went her way. She was succeeded, while I remained, by a score of devotees of both sexes, of whom half were whites. On mentioning her case to a devout lady, I was told she most likely had some troublesome disease in her face, which she, in common with thousands, believed would be expelled by placing it in contact with the hand of the holy image. Although mid-day, there were probably a thousand candles burning, and all in costly candlesticks. Both blacks and whites thronged about the prone image. Before I left, three ladies knelt and kissed the wooden hand immediately after it had been touched by negro lips.

The enterprising brotherhood of "Bom Jesus" held their fête not far off. Half a dozen mustached, bare-headed soldiers paraded before the door, handling and puffing cigars, recalling to mind old match-lock heroes blowing their lints preparatory to firing off their pieces. Pushing the crimson screen aside, the place was lit up more brilliantly than a ball-room at midnight. Two of the candelabra at the altar were a couple of brethren in albs, who stood as steady almost as the gilt wooden and plated ones. Here was more bowing, kneeling, courtesying, kissing, and leg-making going on than in the Candelaria, though no image was placed within reach of the worshipers. For want of one they kissed the floor, steps, carpeting, and penny



A DEAD CHRIST.

pictures on the walls. A gentleman—I was told he was a dry-good merchant—between thirty-five and forty years of age, rose from his knees near me, went directly to the right wall, and put his mouth to something on it; next crossed himself, went to the railing, then knelt and kissed the step—not the altar step, but one where the nave is separated from the choir or chancel; getting up, he made a leg and crossed over to the opposite wall and kissed something there, four or five feet above the floor; and standing on his toes, his neck stretched to the uttermost, he attempted to reach a higher object with his lips. The objects of his worship were coarse prints of saints. Next two negroes drew up through the middle of the audience, and kissed the floor, then the step. Three white men and one woman followed them. The filthy condition of the soles of the negroes contrasted strongly with a pair of new pumps a dandy of a man turned up a little way from them. At one time five men and two women were before me with their mouths on the floor: I had rather have seen them in any other position.

Not feeling much edified by these groveling scenes, I turned toward the Paula. The steps in front swarmed with negroes selling fruit and doces to exhausted worshipers. The altar was as gorgeous as that of the Carmo; but the greatest novelty were the contents of two silversmiths' shops, piled on tables at each side of the altar, and guarded by musketeers. Here were trays, ewers, basins, pitchers, and other things, besides some large caldron-looking vessels, whose use was not apparent. Of trays alone I counted over forty, most of which were not less than three feet long, and of proportional width. What this meant I could not imagine, not dreaming that the whole could belong to one church; but it was even so. The Paula Brotherhood is very wealthy, and surpasses others in this branch of devotion.

I next strolled up Castle Hill, to witness some new performances announced by the Capuchins. Seventy or eighty persons, mostly women and children, were waiting for the service to begin. Suddenly the profound silence was broken by a loud hammering that knocked all meditation on the head—carpenters fitting up a scaffold for musicians, six of whom soon came in, with a bass-viol, two violins, a couple of flutes, and a clarionet. One of the preachers emerged from the vestry. Bless me! I exclaimed to myself, how like the pictures of his class I have seen! There is something unpleasant to Protestant feelings in his appearance, independent of a coarseness that of itself is any thing but agreeable. A shaven crown, a reddish peaked and matted beard, uncovered neck and exposed sternum, bare legs, and feet pushed into slipshod wooden slippers, large and hairy hands, and his only garment a brown serge gown, tied round his middle with a cord, from which hangs a string of beads. Then there is the ugly hood or cowl flapping behind, turned back like the hinged cover of a coffee-pot or tankard.

The music struck up, and two Capuchins be-

gan a chant, during which the people knelt, and the friar just described got into a box-pulpit, which, like all pulpits here, is so placed that the speaker does not lose sight of the images, or turn his back to them or the altar. As the chanting ceased he rose to speak, and every now and then broke into long wailing ejaculations of "*Madona!*" "*Nossa Senhora!*" "*Sangue!*" "*Mizericordia!*" "*Feridas!*" etc.; turning occasionally and pointing to the images. As he warmed, his gesticulations became energetic. He leaned over the edge of the box till his wide-spread hands nearly touched the shoulders of devotees below him; then stepping back, he threw his head, his eyes, and, to the uttermost, his arms up to the ceiling—the very action of a nurse lifting an infant from the floor, and holding it at arms' length above her. There was one novelty in his manner which struck me rather favorably, viz.: as he finished each telling passage, he sunk—and not ungracefully—into his seat, where he remained half, and sometimes a whole minute, till fresh ideas rose in him. He rarely spoke five minutes without sitting down; occasionally he gave out a sentence in that position, with one hand on the edge of the pulpit and the other applying a handkerchief to his perspiring face; but the instant a new view of the subject, or a touching thought occurred, he started up, and put it into glowing language, i. e., if one might judge by his excitement. I suppose his hearers were affected, though they gave no visible sign of being so. Possibly the indifferent Portuguese in which these Italian apostles are said to deliver themselves, diminishes the effect of their elocution. He had no book nor notes about him.

I began to tire, and thought of leaving; but after another short chant, another friar stepped into the speaking-box, older and stouter than his predecessor, with a darker beard and fairer skin; his action was confined chiefly to his head, combined with a singular habit or power of drawing down his neck into his body, and suddenly pushing it up again. Seated or standing, his head rose with his ideas and his voice—now buried

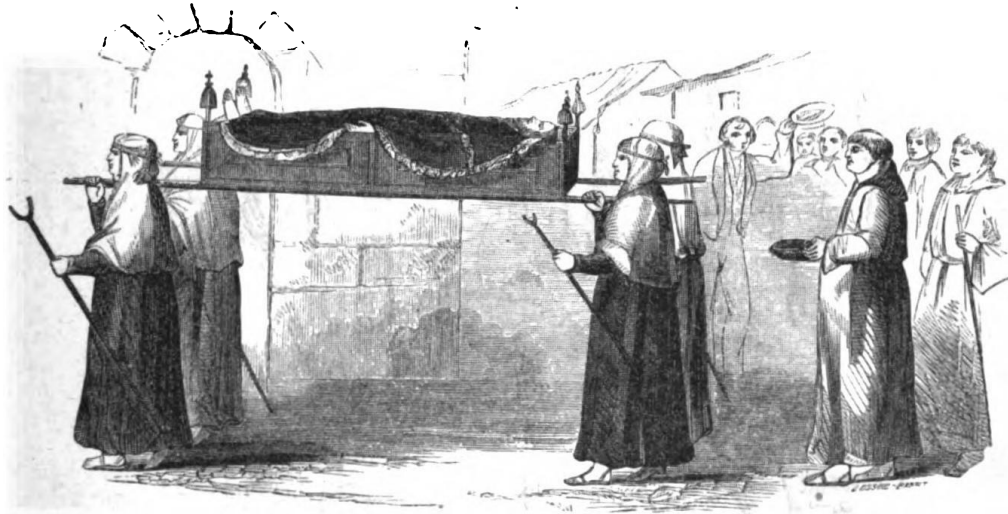


THE CROSS-BEARER.

beneath his cowl, now half a foot above it, and still rising.

A slight rain was falling, which I preferred encountering to remaining longer. As I came in sight of Derieta Street the sound of music came up, and shortly after appeared, some two

hundred feet below, the Mizeracordia Procession of the Burial. I reached the Hospital in time to witness its order and arrival. The unpleasant weather had reduced the number of spectators. The performers were drabbed, and seemed anxious to get in-doors.



THE COFFIN.

First came a man with a powerful *matraca*; then a young monk in a white hood and tippet, both in one—the latter went all round him, and reached to his elbows: the former was bound round his head with a new  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hempen rope. He carried before him a black wooden cross, over the transverse bar of which a white cloth was thrown in the form of the letter M, to signify death—*Morte*. The cloth is supposed to be the one in which the body of Christ was enveloped by Joseph of Arimathea. A number of monks, draped like the cross-bearer, follow. Then came brothers in white gowns, bearing candles; and after them *angels*—children, chiefly girls, dressed as such, with wings and a colored gauze cloud attached by wire to the shoulders of each. Next three women (or men disguised as such), representing “the three Marys.” They were concealed in gowns and hoods, with their faces bent toward the ground, and had a mournful appearance. A large ring of silver was attached to the head of each, to signify a halo, or nimbus.

The coffin, more like a French bedstead, came next. It had four short posts and feet, with panels richly carved and gilt. On a mattress lay a “Dead Christ”—one of those exposed in churches, or, as it is here named, “The Body of God.” The whole was borne by four monks on two staves, whose ends rested on their shoulders. Each carried a pronged stick to support the load, at intervals, when all stand to hear an angel-chant. They wore hoods, and tippets, and hempen cords by way of ribbons. The canopy was borne high over the coffin by men in the same style of mourning.

More angels, led by brothers, came next, followed by the tallest of their number, a girl of fourteen, who mounted a pair of steps, and, chanting, opened a white cloth, the handkerchief of Veronica, whom she represented. She performed the part exceedingly well, notwithstanding the thick drizzling rain. Stepping down, the brother took up the steps, and all went forward again. Now came brothers, monks, and candles; angels, monks, and brothers; and then “*Nossa Senhora*,” erect, large as life, in purple dress, silver rays on her forehead, and standing on a stage richly paneled, and set off with cypress but no flowers. Borne, as the coffin was, on men’s shoulders, she might be seen over the heads of the people a mile off, by far the most conspicuous member of the Pomp.

The band of music, more brothers in white albs



THE ANGELS.





from the interior; it drew nearer, ceased, and soon after was heard as if in the street, when those with umbrellas rushed forth and met the bareheaded musicians and soldiers stepping out of the side-passage upon the platform or long stoop, along which the troops formed a passage to the church door. Soon there came forth a swarm of candle-bearers, who, with undignified speed, hastened in again through the front door for shelter. They were followed by a monk in a white long gown and hood—the latter bound round his temples with a half-inch rope—bearing a black cross, on which a towel formed the letter M, as in the *Mizeracordia* spectacle. More candle-bearers, then brothers and a legion of angels; over the heads of several their guardians held umbrellas. Next, a neat pedestal was brought forth and placed on the flagging. An angel came, and, being lifted up, chanted a strain on the sufferings of the Saviour—unfolding from a roller, as she sung, a piece of white muslin, full six feet long, on which was depicted a full-length figure of Christ dead. This she turned gracefully round that all might see. Her voice was sweet and plaintive, and the little performance quite affecting. Veronica's handkerchief took a likeness only of the Saviour's face, but the cloth his body was laid in received an impression of the whole. It was a copy of the latter that the little songstress unrolled before us.

She passed in and made way for the Coffin, or Golden Bed, as some call it, upheld by monks in white hoods and cassocks. "A dead Christ" lay on it. It was partially covered by a rich counterpane. "The three Marys" followed weeping, dressed in long russet gowns and close hoods, and handkerchiefs in their hands. Their halos seemed made of bobbin wire, and might any where else have been taken for the frames of caps or bonnets. Next came Saint John and Mary Magdalene; she is one of the preceding trio, being twice represented. In the Carmo procession the *Prophets* always attend as mourners.

Next three suspicious-looking, bare-armed chaps in steel caps drew up—Roman executioners. Behind them walked the centurion in gorgeous array; golden helmet, scarlet tunic, a staff surmounted by an eagle, and every insignia of an ancient military officer. The character was well conceived, but spoiled by attempts to make it gigantic. The person of this actor was swelled by stuffing, and, from the vibration of the upper part, his head was clearly within the breast of the figure; the face was a mask. The helmet and metal ornaments were too heavy to be controlled by the artificial neck and shoulders. He passed quickly, as if desirous of escaping observation; but his sight was defective: he stumbled on ascending the only steps at the front door, and would have fallen but for St. John, against whose back he staggered.

Flocks of angels now flitted past us. Ere they had disappeared the image of "Our Lady"

was out on the stoop, and exposed to the rain. Similar in size and outline with her sister of the *Mizeracordia*, she was beautifully carved, painted, and arrayed. Between the rays of her crown were seven stars. Diamonds and other gems formed her frontlet. Her robe was purple velvet, with gold stars wrought on it. She stood on an elaborately ornamented platform, which rested on the shoulders of men draped like the coffin-bearers. Aware of her being the most attractive person in the Pomp, the managers allowed her to remain full five minutes in the storm. Nothing common is put on her. Her dress and jewels are of the most costly material.

Parents commonly send a confidential person with their angels, who is careful not to lose sight of them, on account of the jewels on the persons and dresses. The breast-piece of one was almost covered with diamonds. A doctor last year decked out his daughter so gorgeously, and chiefly with borrowed gems, that he would not trust her even in the vestry without an attendant. If a father belongs to the brotherhood, he can accompany his child in the procession. If not, no. It is a rule that none but a church brother must lead an angel.